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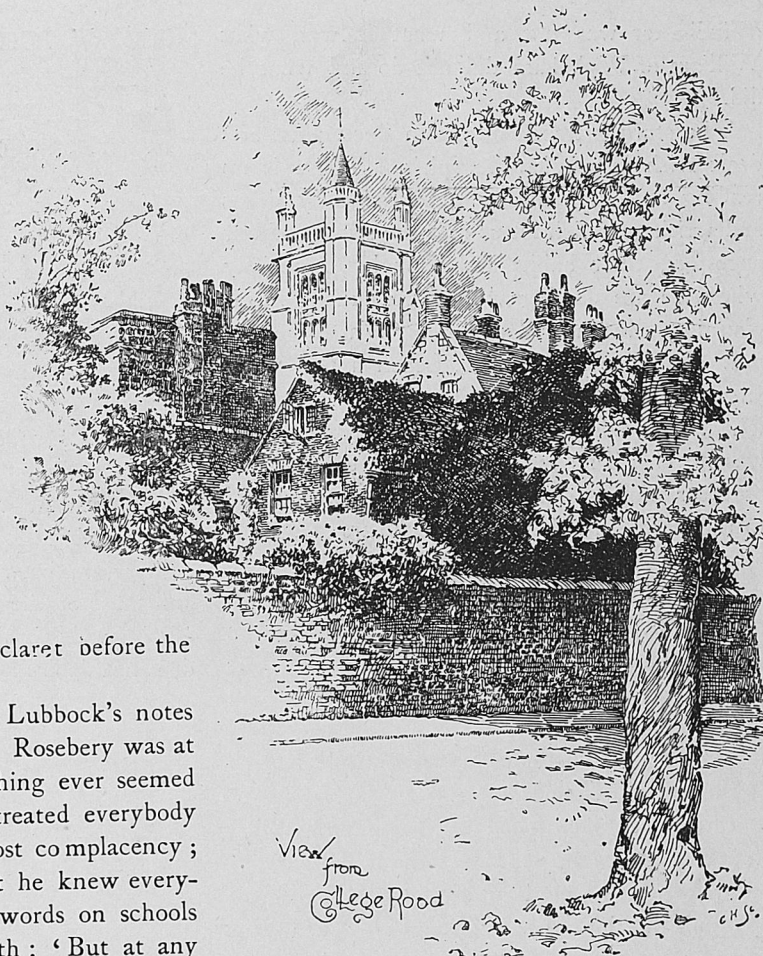
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A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE

man who tried to pour out his claret before the cork was drawn.

Here is a specimen of Mr. Lubbock's notes on his contemporaries:—'Lord Rosebery was at Eton as Lord Dalmeny. Nothing ever seemed to ruffle or put him out; he treated everybody and everything with the utmost complacency; he never appeared to work, yet he knew everything.' These are the latest words on schools of this same complacent youth: 'But at any rate we are sure of this, that in England our schools have turned out men. They have been the best schools of manhood the world has ever seen, and if they have succeeded in that, I, for one, put all the studies, science, classics, and mathematics in a secondary position.' Then we have Lord Jersey cutting his name 'in big, bold characters' on the table; Bishop Selwyn answering to the name of 'Billy'; Lord Justice A. L. Smith in the M.C.C. eleven at Paris, where we are reminded of those single-wicket matches which were in vogue in those early days. As to the biggest hitter in cricket, we, too, have seen C. J. Thornton hit, and on one occasion when he was taken by Smith in one hand as he lay back on the hedge at Fenners; but he never seemed to us to hit like that mighty stroke of Bonnor, which sent the ball into the middle of the next field at Harrogate.

We have still to learn what measures the head clerk took to discourage cricket and instil banking into Mr. Lubbock's mind.



WINCHESTER TOWER
AND WARDEN'S
LODGINGS

(Duckworth & Co.)

A HISTORY OF WINCHESTER COLLEGE* BY ARTHUR F. LEACH

IN the book which we have just noticed (*Memories of Eton*) there is a good deal said about the cricket matches between Eton and Winchester, its mother; the author of that book in one of them made 174 not out. We do not see the name of the author of the present one in the opposing eleven, but he has given us a very good work. It is a scholarly attempt to get at the truth in spite of all fictions and traditions which obscure it. We are shown what

* Duckworth & Co. Price 6s. net.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL AND ANTRIM

Winchester was not and what it was, what William of Wykeham did not do and what he did.

The story is traced out from documents and dealt with in a scientific spirit. There is no reading more fascinating than the early deeds and writings which let us into the secrets of our ancestors, their habits and thoughts, especially when we are dealing with a great man who is planning some new departure. 'Was there any new departure here?' Mr. Leach asks. 'The answer is, Yes. In the first place, the scale on which the whole foundation was carried out was novel. The mere number of the scholars of New College—seventy—was almost equal to the whole number of the scholars of all the other colleges put together. In the next place, it was an innovation when Wykeham confined his college at Oxford to those who came from his Grammar School at Winchester. . . . The really new departure was taken, a real step in advance made, when Wykeham made his school a separate and distinct foundation, independent of the Oxford College.'

The book is enriched with numerous illustrations. There are reproductions of photographs of brasses, plans, and architectural details; of pen-and-ink drawings by Mr. Percy Wadham of the actual state of the picturesque buildings at the present time, of which we are able to give one specimen; and there are a series of very sweet reproductions from drawings in the possession of the college to which our heart warms.

HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS IN DONEGAL AND ANTRIM* BY STEPHEN GWYNN

Now that cycling and golf have taken Donegal in hand, Mr. Plunkett and Mr. Gill ought to have no further trouble in bringing it into the harmony of the British Isles. Mr. Gwynn and Mr. Thomson have certainly done their part to make us familiar with this wild corner of our country and the difference in tone between their book and, for instance, Thackeray's Irish Sketch-book is very marked. Reading lately the latter in Mrs. Ritchie's charming edition (Smith & Elder) we may scarcely omit a comparison between Mr. Thomson's drawings and those of the great novelist, especially as Peg of Limavaddy is his creation alone—Mr. Thomson does not depict her or the place.

'Ah! but 'tis in vain
That I try to sketch it;
The pot perhaps is like,
But Peggy's face is wretched.
No! the best of lead,
And of indiarubber,
Never could depict
That sweet kettle-scrubber!'

But Mr. Thackeray confines his illustration of the inn beauty to his verse. 'To *draw* it,' says the man with the cart. 'And is it *you'll* draw it?' 'I mean I want to make a picture of it.'

* London: Macmillan & Co. Price 6s.



LOUGH FINN